



## To the Land of Nod

By Eben C. Relford

When the breeze blows over the garden beds  
Where the poppies hang their drowsy heads  
At the dusk of day, from each flower's heart  
It blows the petals of silk apart  
And gathers a dream for each child who waits  
To pass through the Sleepland's open gates.

Some are waiting at mother's knee,  
While she tells them stories, a kiss as fee,  
For the gates to open. And some are seen  
Their little beds of white between,  
And some camp down on the nursery floor,  
To wait for the dream-wind, as oft before.

The breeze comes creeping o'er step and sill,  
And no one hears it, it comes so still.  
But the spell of poppies is in the dreams  
Which its pack is filled with—or so it seems,  
For the heavy lids of each eye droop down,  
Hiding blue eyes, and black eyes, and gray and brown.

When each lid shuts fast, then the gates of sleep  
Swing back in the portals wide and deep,  
And the children, bringing a dream, each one,  
For the gatekeeper's fee, to the wickets run,  
And when all pass through them the gates will close,  
And what's done in Sleepland no one knows.

But each mother knows that at peep of day  
The tide of travel will turn this way,  
And hither from Sleepland they all will come,  
Glad to get back to the dear old home,  
And gladdest of all will the mothers be  
To have them back from the Sleep Countree.

## BUSY OLD MAJOR HEAD

By P. C. B.

They go out walking together—  
Ten busy, merry brothers.  
The road that just suits one of them  
Is sure to suit the others.  
Cold-flow, sleet or snow,  
Rain, or hail, or shine,  
Week-a-day or holiday,  
Work or play, grave or gay,  
Nimble young jumping-jacks—  
Weather foul or fine.

They keep closely to home tether—  
Tongue-tied they make no speeches.  
And yet they off go on a "stump"  
With "crackings" cries, and screeches.  
Step-Too, quick or slow,  
Mud, or slush, or mire,  
With a frisk, in they whiz  
With a dash, in they splash—  
Little spry errand boys,  
Working without hire!

They wear livery all of leather—  
As like as peas their houses—  
And though they never sleep at home,  
They ne'er go on carouses.  
Great Toe, Middle Toe,  
Toes all in a pen—  
Half in play, people say,  
"There they go, in a row,  
Busy old Major Head's  
Little foot-men ten."



A WOODLAND CHORUS

## Katinka Wins the Race

By Julia Magruder and Frances Leeds



HOLLAND, where the roadways are so often water instead of land, the *trekschuit*, or canal-boat, takes the place of our wagons and electric cars. In many cases, also, these boats constitute the only homes of the poorer people, who are born and bred and live and die in these travelling houses.

It is an unusually pretty sight to watch these *trekschuiten* gliding along the narrow waterways, which run like some intricate lace-pattern over this land. All the work of a simple household is done as they move on, laden with the burden of traffic, or stopping to take up passengers going from one village to another. Little gardens are often made to sprout with beauty on the poops, a bed of tulips opening their brilliant cups in the moist air, or lettuce-heads and other vegetables making squares of greenery in the broad boxes filled with earth, which are placed midway of the flat decks.

In the cold sea-on these *trekschuiten* remain motionless for months, looking like monster birds alighted amid snow and ice to wait in patience for the return of Spring.

Toward the latter part of a November, not so very long ago, a *trekschuit* from Friesland ventured to the lower country with a cargo of peat for Dordrecht. Good Jan, the owner of the boat and father of the family living there, had hoped to return to his northern country before the winter set in, but just as they were nearing their destination, Jan, with Jeffrow Donka, his wife, Joost and Katinka, the twins of twelve years, Trudchen, the girl of nine, and little Eulien, aged four, found himself held fast by a mass of ice. With a sinking heart the father, who knew the signs of winter well, realized that months must pass before the boat would be freed from its bondage.

What must be done? Jan himself could get work in Friesland, where he was known, and so could Joost, the boy; but it was hard indeed for them to leave the mother and the little ones. 'Twas the only way, however, and so it was decided that they should go, taking with them the old gray mare, Jettchen, that had towed them with such patience along the weary miles.

When Jan had given his parting kiss to his wife and left her sobbing, with Eulien in her arms, he turned to take leave of Katinka, who stood outside with Joost. Putting his hands upon her shoulders, he looked at her earnestly and said:

"Remember, I look to you, Katinka, to take care of mother and the little ones. You are strong and brave and good, and when I am far away, I shall not think of you as a helpless girl, but as my little man, who takes Joost's place."

Katinka's heart swelled with pride. No comparison could be so dear, no incentive so strong to her.

That winter was the hardest that Holland had known for many years. Jan found it very difficult to send a sufficient sum of money for the actual necessities of the dear ones in the ice-locked boat so far away. Jeffrow Donka fell ill, too, so that more than the usual amount was needed.

Every day Katinka would skate down to Dordrecht for medicines and food. Her skating was, even in her own land, almost unparalleled for swiftness. She had practised with Joost from their earliest years, and had often beaten him in a race.

As she sped along, her basket on her arm, her cap with its stiff little fringe like a band of hoar-frost under the tight-fitting red hood, she darted like a bird past the sleepy old windmills, which turned their wheels as if to ward off the fierce November blast, and hurried like some spirit of the winter wind along the ice path. Over and over again she would pick out some skater far ahead and set herself the task of passing him. This, in most cases, she did with an ease that made her feel exultant.

One day, returning from one of these expeditions, a heavy basket on her arm, and her little heart almost as heavy within her, for the home cares seemed to be increasing every day, Katinka became aware of large, highly colored advertisements posted all along her way, which announced a skating match to be held on the *Oude Maas* the next day.

There was to be a prize of fifty florins for the first race, and after the announcement were the words, "Contestants from ten to thirteen years." This was to be followed by races among the Leyden and Utrecht students. His Highness, the Count of Waspik, was to award the prizes.

"Oh!" thought Katinka, "if Joost were only here! He would show these heavy Southerners what real skating is. How our Mynheer Caef, the champion skater of Friesland, would have chuckled over his pipe if Joost were here and won this prize—as win he would! How much pains he took to teach Joost and me, and how he used to laugh and clap when I would beat Joost!"

Katinka's brain reeled with a sudden thought. Oh, to win that fifty florins for the dear ones at home, in such sore need! Why should she not enter the race disguised as Joost? The posters did not say that the race was only open to boys, but she knew that was understood.

Her brain worked quickly. Had not her father called her his little man? As a little man, she believed that she could win this prize.

When Katinka reached home Trudchen was waiting for her at the foot of the ladder which formed the entrance-stair to the house-boat. The child was apparently trying to kick a hole in the ice with her little wooden shoe, as she munched a piece of pumpkin-nickel. "Who do I never go to Dordt, Katinka?" she asked, peevishly. "It is very dull here, with mother always in bed, and Eulien asleep."

Katinka put her arms around her little sister's neck and whispered mysteriously in her ear.

Trudchen's face glowed with a delighted interest. Here was a chance for fun, even at home! To see Katinka dressed as Joost and entering a skating match was as good as a story out of a book.

Later, when supper was over and the mother's

one had been given, and all was quiet for the night, Katinka took the now-lamp, a small brass object with a projection called a nose, and crept into the inner cabin. Here was kept the big painted chest which contained, among many other things, Joost's Sunday suit. The mother had not dared to trust him with it so far away from her watchful care.

They succeeded in turning the key in the stout lock, and then Katinka ordered Trudchen to turn her back until allowed to look.

Stooping behind the box like a bird on its nest, Katinka drew a pair of scissors from her pocket and cut off the two long plaits of her blonde hair. Then, one by one, she carefully adjusted the garments of her twin brother on herself.

Standing on the little mat, made of her yellow hair, she called out in a soft, imperious voice:

"Ready?"

"Oh, Katinka!" cried Trudchen, clapping her hands. "You look exactly like a boy. I could not tell it was not Joost! But your hair! What will mother say?"

"Mother must not know yet. You must help me to hide it from her. Here, take the hair and put it in the chest, and come to bed. I must have a good night's rest, or I shall not win the race."

The next day was cold and clear. All the morning village-folk from the neighboring towns passed merrily along the ice on their way to Dordrecht to witness the sports. Katinka, assisted by Trudchen (who went so far as to give little Eulien the mother's large earrings to keep her quiet, as she sat upon the door all unconscious), escaped notice as she ran down the ladder and pushed to huddle on her skates.

It was a bitter sting to Trudchen to watch the vanishing form as it sped away toward Dordrecht. True, Katinka had promised if she won the race, she would

bring her more sweets than she could eat and a pair of

ear-rings as big as her little ears, provided she would

stay at home and take good care of the sick mother

and Eulien.

But now a spirit of fierce rebellion stirred in the

child's breast as she stood there, musing and agitated,

in the keen air.

Katinka felt the chill of this air very sensibly as it stirred her close-cropped hair into a little sheaf of wind-tossed locks, beneath the edge of the tight boy's cap of red cloth that she wore. She missed the snug, warm hood and her comfortable little muff. She felt strange and shy in the short knee-breeches and double-breasted coat. But she whistled to herself and murmured softly now and then: "Little man! I am that now, indeed—my father's little man!"

On she darted, curving in and out among the crowd which was making toward the huge flag-decked space upon the *Oude Maas*.

Men with noisy horns, the managers of the ceremonies, were moving cautiously about, hustling the crowd, who responded to their directions with laughing amiability. To one of these guardians of the fête Katinka whispered her desire to enter the race. To her immense relief, he showed no consciousness of anything strange, as he directed her to a table on the quay where some men were sitting tying numbers on brilliant knots of ribbon.

Katinka drew near, her heart fluttering with suppressed alarm. Would they make her give her name? Just at that instant there was a blowing of horns on all sides and a wild hurra went up. It was a welcome for the Count of Waspik, whose sleigh was coming slowly along the ice, its occupant bowing to right and left with gracious smiles.

One of the men at the table rose hurriedly and asked Katinka if she wished to join the race, and scarcely waiting for her confused assent, he tossed her a brilliant green ribbon, on which hung a disk of ivory marked with the number 9.

Katinka, with a sigh of relief, threw the green loop over her head and let the ivory pendant drop above her beating heart. Then, with a sudden feeling of courage, now that the danger she most dreaded was past, she moved swiftly off to the blue flag flying from a pole in the ice, where she saw a number of other ribboned racers awaiting their orders.

Katinka's self-consciousness was now completely gone. The emotions roused by this brilliant scene put to flight all her former feelings. The enthusiastic welcome to the young Count, surging about her like an organ-roll of praise and tribute, stirred her senses with a pulsating rapture never felt before. The band was playing the national air, and the people were laughing and shouting.

The little peasant's fealty to her prince was a complete self-abnegation in this moment, as she turned her eyes to the sleigh where the Count was standing, bare-headed, smiling on the crowd. The child's face lighted with the fire of loyal devotion as she lifted the little ivory number to her lips, as if consecrating herself to some high cause, and whispered to herself:

"I will win the race! I swear it! And I will win also, a smile from the Count when he hands me the prize!"

There was little further delay. The Count of Waspik was drawn twice along the line of spectators, so that all might see his sumptuous sleigh, piled with costly furs, and hear the jingling of the silver bells on the red harness of the four black horses.

The Count's sleigh now took position near the flag which was the goal of the race, and a trumpeter, in fantastic costume, stepped forward and sent a note of clarion clearness out into the icy air. This was the signal for the beginning of the race. The guardians, as they are called, placed the little lads in a line. There were eleven of them. Katinka, being number 9, was third from the end. The spectators, recently so noisy, were as silent as if some speechless fear had fallen upon them, their broad, frank faces grave and watchful.

The trumpeter lifted his bright horn again and blew three rapid notes, and like a flock of doves startled from their cote, the eleven little figures shot out from under the fluttering blue banner and the race fairly began.

On, on they sped, the line scarcely broken for a space. To Katinka there was not an atom of fear. A feeling of perfect confidence and security swelled her little heart with joy. Under the excitement of this, she did not notice when one had fell down, his skate turning under him, nor had she perceived the quick advance of a third boy who wore a ribbon of pink until she heard the crowd yelling out cries of "The pink! The pink!" and then she saw that the pink had passed her.

Katinka laughed and bent her body forward. Some one cried out, "Green is going to fall!" and she laughed again. She thought of the instructions of old Mynheer Caef. She was not falling, but following his rule.

One instant she flung apart her arms as if summoning the assistance of the wind. Then, folding those strong little arms across her breast, she settled to the long, swooping flight which a swallow dares when it sails in perfect grace across the Summer sky.

There was a shout of admiration from the crowd. As she shot past the pink, leaving the other colors far behind, the young Count rose and doffed his hat. Katinka saw it and her pulses beat with rapture. She felt the keen intoxication of success. Her yellow hair stood out like a halo about the childish face. Shouts of "Hurrah for the green!" heard on every side, filled her with ecstasy. All alone, the others vainly following, she reached the turning point, round which she swooped with such a graceful curve that the applause rose to a whirlwind of sound. She veered past the blue flag which marked the half-distance of the race and came back toward the Count's sleigh with a movement easy and swift.

The Count himself had not received a more enthusiastic greeting than was given to her as she came skimming along, the very incarnation of a swift spirit of the ice.

As she drew near the Count's sleigh, stationed at its goal, she turned her face upward to receive the smile she had coveted.

The Count not only smiled; he beckoned to her with his hand, and while the crowd yelled itself hoarse, Katinka passed the goal and won the race. Then, with a gentle turn, and with no sign of breathlessness or fatigue, she floated quietly on to where the Count awaited her.

But just before she reached the sleigh there was a sudden movement in front of the horses, and a little, tottering girl ran unsteadily across the ice toward her, while a startlingly familiar voice cried out:

"Katinka! Katinka! Sister Karl! Me knewed you Trudchen said you was a boy, but me saw you putting on Joost's clothes!"

Katinka's brain went round. There were two guardians of the fête standing beside the Count's sleigh. "Ach!" exclaimed one of the men, "the child is a girl!" Eulien's babbling chatter, as she hung about her sister's waist, left no room for mistake as to this fact. Katinka, completely awed by the situation, said nothing. She held Eulien by the hand, and allowed the two guardians to draw them nearer to the Count, who signed them to approach.

"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we have discovered that this racer is a girl."

"A girl!" ejaculated the Count. "Then, by St. Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is this?" he added, turning to Katinka.

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"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we have discovered that this racer is a girl."

"A girl!" ejaculated the Count. "Then, by St. Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is this?" he added, turning to Katinka.

Katinka's only answer was a timid lifting of her lids. The crowd, seeing her in colloquy with the Count, and not knowing what had happened, began again its shouts of "The green! Hurrah for the green!"

The Count, as he looked toward the spectators, caught sight of one of the posters placed on a house nearby. He raised his hand for silence, and read:

"The race is declared to be for contestants between the ages of ten and thirteen." He announced. "The sex of the racer is not mentioned, as you see. I think I gave the unanimous decision of the crowd when I say that the purse is hers. Take it, my gallant girl!" he added, holding out the coveted trophy: "you have won it not only fairly, but gloriously. May you do as well in every race that awaits you in life!"

Katinka took the purse, her tears vanishing and a sweet smile taking their place.

The hand struck up a gay, triumphant air, and the voices of the people rose once more in enthusiastic cries of "The green! The green! Three cheers for the green!"

Flushed with victory, Katinka lifted Eulien in her arms and with the precious purse clasped tight, was making her way through the crowd when she heard a pitiful little sound and Trudchen clutched her arm.

"Oh, Katinka, forgive me!" she sobbed. "It was all my fault! Mother was asleep and Eulien promised to be good if I would bring her, but she ran away from me when she saw you, and I dared not follow."

"Trudchen, you were very, very wrong," said Katinka, trying hard to be stern. "You ought not to have come. But how can I be anything but good to you when the Count has been so good to me?"

Thus ended the memorable race, by which Katinka won the means of keeping all her dear ones in comfort.

